

Sunday Candy

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Summary:

'I've been waiting for you for the whole week, I've been praying for ya you're my Sunday candy'

Richie Tozier can't wait for Sunday

Sunday Candy

Author's Note:

The Losers Club is 16 in this fic :)

-Monday-

The bell couldn't ring any slower.

Richie tapped out a loud beat on his desk, his foot moving in the same rhythm. He glanced at the clock that was perched above the classroom's exit, for what seemed to be the umpteenth time.

History class was barely even fifteen minutes in and Richie was already prepared to just stand up and walk out.

He sighed. School was never his forte. The teachers and staff never understood his jokes.

"Stupid voices will never get you anywhere in life, Mr. Tozier," they would say during a detention that he had gotten for constantly using voices that weren't his own during class.

They didn't understand that Richie used the voices because they distracted him.

While he practiced each voice in front of the small mirror that hung in his room, he could almost forget that his mom was down the hall, drunkenly puking in the bathroom, or that his dad was 'staying late' (which Richie knew actually meant hooking up with some bimbo, because be real, what dentist had to stay at work till three in the morning every night?) at work that night.

Just as Richie was about to bang his head repeatedly on his desk, he felt a small hand touch his shoulder.

He didn't have to turn around to know that it was Eddie, who always made a habit to sit behind him.

Richie reached his hand back and patted Eddie's hand before slowly reaching down and picking up his pencil to at least try and get a few notes down, because he knew that Eddie would be upset if he failed this class and got held back.

-Tuesday-

Richie sighed as Sonia Kaspbrak slammed the front door to the Kaspbrak house in his face.

He ran a hand through his wild black hair and brought his fist up to knock again, this time more insistently.

This time the door opened wide, instead of just Mrs. Kaspbrak peeping out the door and slamming it the second she saw 'that awful Tozier boy'.

There stood Eddie, smiling with one hand holding the door open, and the other perched on his hip.

He was dressed in his usual short-shorts (this time in a bright blue that Richie couldn't help but notice brought out his eyes) with his fanny-pack strapped around his waist, and a white shirt with the logo of his dad's old mechanic shop on it.

"That your old man's shirt?" Richie asked, nodding to it as Eddie stepped outside, ignoring his mom's protest.

"Yeah," Eddie replied as he closed the door and the two took a seat on his front steps. "Ma threw a fit and a half when she saw me wearin' it."

Mrs. Kaspbrak always tried to forget that Mr. Kaspbrak had ever lived, never mind that he died when Eddie turned seven. Whenever a reminder that he was gone came to the woman's attention, she tried to be rid of it. But, obviously this time Eddie must've put up a fight. He had gotten a lot more confident after learning that his medicine was gazebos ('it's actually placebos, Eddie' 'shuddup, Stan, they're still

bullshit either way').

"So, Eds—"

Richie was interrupted when the door swung open and Mrs. Kaspbrak leaned out of it.

"Eddie, dear, it's time to come inside," she said, Mrs. Kaspbrak as she looked warily at how close Eddie and Richie were sitting.

"Okay, Ma," Eddie sighed as the women sent Richie one more glance and went back inside.

Eddie turned to Richie and gave him an apologetic smile. "Sorry, Richie, I've gotta go."

The boy gave Richie's shoulder one gentle squeeze before he stood up and walked to the door.

Just as he was about to walk into the house, he turned around and said, "and, by the way, don't call me Eds."

-Wednesday-

The Losers were all gathered in Richie's house, lounging around in his room.

There was nothing to do because it was pouring out, so they weren't able to play at the Barrens, and they had already seen every movie at the Aladdin twice, so that was also a no-go.

"I'm bored," Richie groaned dramatically as he flopped down next to Mike on his bed.

"We know your bored, Trashmouth," Stan rolled his eyes in slight annoyance. "You've been telling us for the past hour."

"Yuh-yeah, Richie," Bill agreed, his stutter slightly less prominent

than it had been when Georgie died about three years ago. "Juh-just chill out."

"How can I chill out when I'm sitting here bored outta my mind, with nothing to do?"

"Let's play truth or dare," Beverley suggested as she put out her cigarette on Richie's windowsill.

"That game is for kids," Richie complained as he sat up and leaned against his headboard. "We're not thirteen anymore."

"Well you do act like it sometimes," Eddie chuckled from his spot on the rug next to Ben.

Richie held his hands to his heart in mock pain, "you wound me, Eddie Spaghetti."

"Shut up," Eddie rolled his eyes as a small grin lit up his face.

"Alright, so who's first?" Bev questioned, pulling Richie's eyes away from Eddie.

-Thursday-

Richie sat in History class, tapping his fingers and his foot, ready to stab his eyes out with his dull pencil.

This time, there was no Eddie sitting behind him to bring him back to reality and remind him that school was important.

Mrs. Kaspbrak had heard Eddie sneeze, or something, and was convinced that he was coming down with an illness and had to stay home from school.

This time, when Richie wanted to bang his head off of his desk, there was no one there to tell him not to, so he did it.

That's how Richie got detention for the next two days (and definitely not because he told Mr. Snodgrass to go blow his dad, who just happened to be dead. 'Sorry, Mr. Snotgrass, I didn't know' 'it's Snodgrass, and that's a detention, Mr. Tozier')

-Friday-

After detention, Richie walked outside of the school, and saw a small figure sitting on a bench.

"Hey, Eddie," Richie greeted the boy. "You didn't have to wait an hour for me."

"Nah, it's okay, Rich" Eddie shook his head as Richie took a seat next to him and threw an arm over his small shoulders. "I don't mind."

"Well, aren't you just a gosh darn, peach," Eddie replied in a voice that he liked to call 'Southern Gentleman'.

"Yeah, yeah," Eddie blushed, "shuddup, Trashmouth."

Richie went to reply, but was interrupted when he heard another voice call out to the pair.

"Hey, Richie!" It was Ben. "Finally outta detention, huh?"

Richie turned his head to see Ben walking up to the pair, one milkshake in each hand.

When he reached the bench, he handed one to Eddie and looked at Richie apologetically. "Sorry, Rich, I would have gotten you one too, but I figured that you'd still be in there awhile."

"It's alright, Ben," Richie smiled at the boy before turning to Eddie. "Eddie will let me share with him, won't ya, Eds?"

Eddie scoffed. "As if, Tozier. Do you know how many germs are in the human mouth?! Just take it, I don't really want it anyways."

Richie smirked as Eddie pushed the chocolate shake into his hand.

-Saturday-

Saturday was the day that Richie was forced to stay in his miserable home all day.

His stuffy aunt would come over with his insufferable cousins, and his mother would make it her mission to be completely put together and sober for the occasion (she couldn't let any of her family think that her life was less than perfect, now could she?).

His dad would take the day off of work (and screwing other women) and he would clean the house, while Richie was forced to help his mother make dinner and set the table.

After a long day of taking shit from his younger cousins, Richie would climb upstairs and crawl into bed, not even having the energy to call Eddie to talk to him before going to sleep like he did any other night of the week.

-Sunday-

Some people hated Sunday because it was the day before Monday, and the last day of the weekend.

But, Richie Tozier loved Sunday.

Sunday was the only time of the week that he was able to have Eddie to himself with no interruptions.

Richie would climb up the trellis on the side of Eddie's house that lead to his bedroom window, and the two would just lay next to each other on the bed, staring blankly up the wall, with their hands

loosely intertwined.

It may have seemed boring to some people, but it was always the calmest and safest that Richie had ever felt.

He could safely say, that he always looked forward to Sunday.